

A Word to the Wife; or, Old England for ever:

B E I N G

A new Song for CHRISTMAS 1792,

To the Tune of "Hearts of Oak."

I.

Come cheer up my Lads, merry Christmas is near,
And I hope we shall all have a happy New Year;
Prepare your Plumb-Pudding, minced Pyes, and stout Ale,
And may Plenty and Peace in Old England ne'er fail:
French Fashions, my Lads, and French Follies disdain,
Steady, Boys, steady,
We always are ready
To laugh at the Tricks of Mounfier and Tom Pain.

II.

Black Bread and Soup Meagre, and Frogs fricasseed,
Is Fare that may serve for a Frenchman indeed,
But they never shall shake our well-founded Belief,
That no Fare in the World's like Old England's Roast Beef.
French, &c.

III.

Let French Powder-Monkeys their "ça Ira" sing,
We Britons will stick to our "God save the King,"
Then laugh at the Stories the fly Mounseers tell,
For the Sons of Old England all know when they're well.
French, &c.

IV.

Let their new-fangled Creed by the Hangman be burnt,
The true RIGHTS OF MAN honest Britons have learnt,
E'en our Wives and our Daughters tho' deucedly vain,
In Old England shall scorn to be laced by Tom Pain.
French, &c.

V.

The King and the Church, and the Laws of the Land,
The good Constitution our Fore-Fathers plann'd,
To maintain them we all with one Heart should agree,
For while they protect us Old England is free.
French, &c.

VI.

Victorious by Land, and the Lords of the Sea,
What Nation can boast of such Glory as we?
Let Mounfier make Bows and Grimaces and dance,
But Old England will never take Lessons from France.
French, &c.

VII.

The Hand of Oppression we never can fear,
Our Laws are the same for the Peasant and Peer;
Our House is our Castle, our Fire-Side our Throne,
And each Man in Old England is sure of his own.
French, &c.

VIII.

Fine Words may sound well, and may make some Men stare,
But our State with our Neighbours we'll wisely compare,
In France there is Murder and Rapine and Want,
In Old England each Blessing that Heaven can grant.
French, &c.

IX.

Some Men must be stronger, some wiser than others,
But good Laws can unite them to live like good Brothers;
For while the Strong labour, the Wise Ones must think,
And then in Old England we ne'er shall want Chink.
French, &c.

X.

Their great Revolution, for which they've run mad,
Serves to sink down the Good, and to raise up the Bad;
Here the good Men to rise have a much better Chance,
And Old England will send all her bad ones to France.
French, &c.

XI.

Then let us not hazard the Good we possess,
In striving for more we may chance to have less:
Let us banish false Friends who would fill us with Fears,
And Old England shall see many happy New Years.
French, &c.

XII.

Now drink to the King, and the Church and the Laws,
With one Voice and one Heart we'll support the good Cause;
Here's Wealth, and here's Trade, here's the Plough and the Sail,
And may Plenty and Peace in Old England ne'er fail.
French, &c.

